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In view of the fact that it was the esteemed pastor of an Emporia church who landed a 55-pound catfish out of the Neosho river the other day, the story may be accepted as true and there is no need to take the weight of the fish with a grain of salt or two. But it might be, of course, that some unorthodox and less ethical friend weighed the fish. And with a fish of such size being pulled out of the little Neosho by a clergyman, can any one have a doubt now that there might have been a fish in the sea of sufficient proportions to swallow Jonah and provide him with lodgings for three days?

Probably the most annoying feature of the official weather reports issued by the federal government is the one that tells daily of the lowest temperature record established on a previous and corresponding date. What signs of vain regrets these low temperature records occasion when they are all the way from twenty to thirty degrees below the current registration of the thermometers.

"It has been my experience," observed Mr. Humble Citizen recently, "that most, if not all of the 'good fishing' heretofore to which one's friends are so keen and kind to put a man 'next' is of the well-known 'good-for-nothing' variety."

From time immemorial, it has been generally agreed that "the meanest thief" is the one who steals pennies from a blind man's alms cup. But an evangelist working out in Missouri recently established what would appear to be a reasonable claim for this honor by stealing a blind man's wife, after he had converted her. However, as he was only sent to jail for ninety days and fined \$100 for the offense, the court evidently considered it nothing more than petit larceny, which was likely a reasonable judgment in that said evangelist probably did not steal much.

Inasmuch as the man-eating sharks have finally made their appearance along that stretch of the sea, it is probable that the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina are not inviting each other these days to take a swim.

Anyhow, and it is a great deal for which Kansas can be thankful, the August weather did not come along in time to damage the wheat crop to any extent. Many of the corn prospects in the state, though, will probably soon go a-glimmering, if they haven't already gone, and unless there is a perfect soaker of a rain shortly. But then, there is no such thing as an agricultural land of nothing save milk and honey year after year.

New York City seems finally to have hit upon a plan to provide considerable of the huge sums of money she needs each year without adding to the burdens of the little property owners. She has established a special court to handle the cases of the automobile speed fiends in her midst, and its receipts in fines for the first thirteen days of its activities amounted to the neat little sum of \$11,303.

There must be something worth while in the oil prospects in the immediate neighborhood of Topeka, else the agents of the Standard Oil company would not be paying much attention to them. The Standard Oil company is too experienced in its line to start on many wild goose chases.

Undoubtedly, the soldiers of France cut a considerable figure in creating the premises on which Germany reached her decision to give up her plan to take Verdun. And this possibly means that the operations

around Verdun constitute the last of the major offensives that Germany will be able to make no matter how long the European struggle may continue. Germany is now on the defensive on all the battle fronts, and the Allies are claiming that their drives and pushes have not yet reached their maximum force. Incidentally, the riotous demonstrations of enthusiasm in Berlin and other big German centers of a couple or so months ago over the capture of Verdun by the soldiers of the Kaiser, and the opening again of the way for the Germans to march to Paris, were decidedly premature.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S INFLUENCE.

The World's Work for August in rehearsing the political situation pays this tribute to Theodore Roosevelt: "The issues of the campaign are much the better for the colonel's activities. The largest single awakening force has been Theodore Roosevelt. For this awakening activity the American public should be grateful to him. Paradoxical as it may seem, Mr. Hughes's nomination was largely due to his most serious opponent, for the Republican party had either to take Colonel Roosevelt himself, or nominate an independent and able candidate, or accept Colonel Roosevelt's opposition and with it certain defeat. The Republican nomination in Chicago is much the better for the colonel's participation in the general proceedings."

CHIGGER RELIEF, AT LAST.

At any rate, no weather of any kind could be more advantageous and satisfactory in every way than the present variety for the operations of His Extreme Nuisance, Mr. Chigger, or maybe it is only the lady chiggers who bite, bugs being as peculiar in their characteristics as are humans. But this is just the sort of weather that gives the chigger such strength and adds so to his courage that he is in perfect and ravenous trim to get in his delicate work on the anatomy of every man, woman or child, who is so unwary as to tread even lightly on his parched lair of withered grass. And how he revels and how industriously he piles his trade and his pleasure on those careless souls who imagine they can find succor from the heat by lugging baskets of grub, sacks of ice and even ice cream freezers to some tree-shaded spot in the wilderness that that distressing function, the picnic.

This is, indeed, chigger weather par excellence. So like an oasis in the desert to the sand-suffocated traveler and his weary, if sober camel, or like the straw in mid-ocean for the shipwrecked sailor to grasp, come some more bits of news from an authoritatively scientific source. Nobody has as yet undertaken to estimate the number of chiggers that get busy in these regions, when they have the chance, during a hot and dry spell. It would seem safe to suggest, though, that there are as many chiggers as there are humans.

Once the chigger fastens himself on his favorite victim, he seems immune from destruction until he has stuffed himself to death with the human flesh that the cannibals also relish because it is so sweet. However, the chigger victim will try anything once and a million different things, if he can hear about them, in search of relief from his terrible sufferings. And so said victim will probably be delighted to know that the experts of the federal department of agriculture have evolved some chigger remedies, which, of course, are being passed out free to a long-suffering public.

Nor is there any reason why these remedies should not be the real thing. For many years now, the people of this nation that is so great in all particulars, with the exception of its attitude towards the Mexican situation which is permitting the poor peons in northern Mexico to starve to death at the rate of fifty and more a day—for many years, we, the people, have been unconsciously permitting our congress to vote millions and millions of dollars a year for the maintenance and conduct of the federal department of agriculture, and considerable of which huge sums have been devoted to the salaries of the scientists in its employ. Their investigations should be thorough and their findings should be the best possible. They are getting pay for high-class work. And they generally deliver the goods.

And, incidentally, they couldn't devote their energies to anything that would be a boon or more gratifying to the people who are putting up the good money for their pay-checks than to fashion out ways and means to render the chigger hors de combat, and with precision and dispatch. So there should be cheer and rejoicing among the people over the accomplishments of the chigger experts in the service of Uncle Sam.

They suggest that if a bath in hot water, or in water containing salt or strong soap is taken within a few hours after exposure in shrubbery and weeds to the bites of chiggers, or red bugs, no ill effects will be experienced. After a long exposure, however, a bath has practically no effect and direct remedies are necessary.

After irritation has set in and small red spots appear the application of a moderately strong solution of ammonia to the affected parts is recommended.

A supersaturated solution of bicarbonate of soda or common cooking

soda or saleratus will afford relief. Liberal applications should be made until the irritation subsides.

If the suffering is severe, a dilute tincture of iodine or collodion should be lightly applied.

And there you are. There's the expert and also expensive advice in the premises. Of course, if all or none of these remedies work out, the people, the chigger victims, and their number is legion, will be pardoned should they rise in their righteous wrath and demand a complete overhauling of the United States department of agriculture, even if it be deemed necessary to put a new administration in power at Washington so that such an Augean stable of inefficiency may be properly cleansed.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Sticking to it is the best way of getting there. * * * * *

Simplicity is more charming when it isn't simulated. * * * * *

Your opinions are good only until somebody presents better ones. * * * * *

If every man did only what he could afford to do with his cash in hand, there wouldn't be many men who would do much. * * * * *

Never forget that your boss wouldn't have much trouble finding some one to do your work even a little better than you do. * * * * *

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Some fellows are so narrow-contracted, as the Downs News and Times declares, that if a ball game doesn't end as they expected, they say it was "fixed."

To the mind of the Parsons Republican, the fact that mercurial records are going to smash disproves the popular contention that everybody is willing to sit tight and not start anything new during a presidential year.

As a general rule, points out Chase Quinn in the Post Scrip department of the Phillips County Post, every man considers himself fairly well informed until one of his children gets old enough to ask questions.

By the Havensville Review's "Man About Town," industry is the mother of good luck. Some men seem to enjoy being mean. A grass widow shouldn't effect weeds. The chronic kicker is always on the job. A wise bride borrows her mother-in-law's cook book.

Always says it is a mistake to marry too young. When it rains plow for it may be just to help the farmer with his hay. Reports from Western Kansas are to the effect that the wheat testers, the brass cups made for testing wheat are proving inferior to those of this year. The testers are gauged to test wheat of a maximum weight of 48 pounds to the bushel, but a great deal of this year's wheat—and the same wheat that was going to be such a failure not so many weeks ago—is weighing in at 50 pounds. Some is testing as high as sixty-seven pounds to the bushel.

And this, which is presented by the Lawrence Journal-World, is undoubtedly true of many other localities in Kansas: One of the greatest wonders of the world is the way a real, solid dependable proposition find it so hard to put it over while money seems to flow into the coffers of fake schemes. Enough money has been lost in the past by Lawrence investors which, if invested in Lawrence, would not only have made its owners wealthy but would have made Lawrence the largest and most thriving city in the state.

Musings of the Village Deacon, in the Osborne Courier-Farmer: You wouldn't hear so much about letting the people rule if votes were not in such demand by the outs.

GLOBE SIGHTS

(From the Atchison Globe.)

Spite work draws poorer pay than other forms of labor. Nearly any man is mechanic enough to take things to pieces. Automobiles seem to play havoc with time in more ways than one.

With a good many people the silly season isn't limited to hot weather. An important statement isn't apt to come from either side of the argument.

A man doesn't mind having his wife a little bit jealous if there isn't any occasion for it.

An authority on parliamentary rules may also be listed among those who kill a good deal of time. What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to run the insane asylum as the "forget house?"

Why is a funeral? It is the most painful ceremony in existence, and benefits neither the dead nor the mourners.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

It's all right to give the devil his due, but don't over-pay him. Many a man's knowledge of tools is limited to the use of a corkscrew. Might doesn't make right, unless you happen to be on the winning side. The man with an iron will shouldn't allow it to get rusty from lack of use. It is better to get the reputation of being as quick as lightning than as slow as a turtle. It is better to throw your whole soul into your work than to merely put your foot in it. Before casting your bread upon the water it is just as well to be sure the water isn't polluted. You never can tell. A man may stay at the bottom of the ladder and still be above suspicion. The man who wears out his welcome may have his well-coming another one that will fit.

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT By ROY K. MOLLTON.

The Vacation Trip. The folders that have brought us we've read with visions of delight. We've sat about the study lamp and taken long trips across the globe. We've traveled mentally, by sea and on the road of anathema.

We've journeyed with the idle rich to the resorts of Switzerland. The storied apes of Germany, we have enjoyed to beat the band, and have lolled in deep content upon Atlantic City's sand.

In pictured fancy we have roamed about the famous Yellowstone. And in our minds, we've heard the guide declaiming through his megaphone. And all that to do is to just stand waiting to be shown.

We've done all this at no expense whatever, since the first of May. And in our minds, we've heard the guide declaiming through his megaphone. And all that to do is to just stand waiting to be shown.

When our vacation comes, we'll sit on our front porch for one whole day.

Ever Hear These? "Honest, Grace, I never use a thing for my complexion. It is just natural."

"Mag, you are the only woman I ever loved."

"I will be ready in five minutes, Henry. Don't be impatient."

"My daughter has had three offers from opera companies, but she prefers to stay right here at home and help her mother with the housework."

"Oh, yes, Wilcox has offered me one or two places, but I don't care to get mixed up in politics."

"I enjoyed my visit here very much and I think you have the finest town in the country and I'm just dying to locate here."

"If I can smoke or not, just as I please. No effort at all."

"Just hate to have my picture in the paper."

"There isn't a man in the world I would marry."

Uncle Abner. Hank Purdy has his boots half-soled with a beefsteak that his daughter cooked for him last week. She has been taking correspondence school course in culinary art.

Hod Renfrew told his son, Willie, that he wanted him to grow up to be as good a man as his father is. Willie will probably be able to do this without much effort.

Almost any fellow can think up seventeen good excuses why he hasn't got the time to beat a carpet.

The assurance of years lends considerable enchantment to the old-fashioned cookin' after all.

In this world a fellow, in order to sit along has got to do something or somebody.

There ain't no feller who kin be more pleasant than a fellow who's about your health than the one who is about to ask you to endorse a note for him.

A Soliloquy. To note or not to note—that is the question. Whether it is nobler in the heart to suffer And walk, or hike, or hire a horse and take up arms against a sea of troubles, Of carburetors, oil pumps and tires that puncture.

Of gasoline that's boosted to the heavens, Is it not nobler to walk and sweat them out, Or travel in the hot and dusty tram car, Thus not invited and thereby escaping the traffic and the traffic's shocks?

That is the real test: 'Tis a consummation, Perhaps, devoutly to be wished.

The End of Romance. "How glorious the sunset is," "Observe those lovely crimson tints, So beautiful and bright."

Said he: "Do you remember when I had that awful cough?" I looked him in the eyes and I took The mustard plaster off."

SIDE TALKS By RUTH CAMERON.

Her Friends' (?) Advice. A letter friend is a queer quantity. She is the most sure of two, whom she has tried to bring up to the best of her ability. Some friends (?) have offered this startling criticism: "that, playing with the boys as we do and all mingling together, we will lose our identity over them."

Can you equal it? Who has more influence over the boy who spends his time away from home than his boy companions or his girl friends? We all know the answer to that, and a sad answer it often is.

Who, then, is going to have the greatest influence over the boy? Their companions, of course, who are in this case those who love them best. In this I don't take up the subject to prove a point, but to state an axiom (interfering friends to the contrary). I've just mentioned it as an introduction to the picture of her home life, which my letter friend has given me.

I have two boys, 12 and 14 years of age. They are the most obedient boys. The older one is a great reader. We have always tried to give him the best of books; his father reads the same books and makes him read, and to try to keep up with his reading.

"Nearly every day some of his boy companions come home from school with him, they take the afternoon up in reading."

"The other one also brings his companions home with him; they indulge in games such as rook, checkers and many other house games. They play the piano, cornet, violin and bugle; both being scout boys, of course they love a bugle. "We have always tried as best we could to make their home as pleasant as possible, although we only have a little bungalow. "Their father and I have always been more companions than parents. It is not that we don't love them, but they say we have a better time at home. People say that why I allow the boys to bring their company home in all kinds of weather in mud and snow. Well, they are always happy to be here, and I say to myself that with a little trouble I can clean the druggists, and I know where they love a bugle. "After the boys leave, my boys are looked to by their father and mother, and after supper they all play rook until about 10 o'clock. "Then follows the question I quoted. She signs her usual, "An anxious mother." I don't think she needs to be. On the contrary, I think she might have written me to say that the one alteration that the boys ought to have is a little less freedom and go to bed a little earlier. She might have called it "The Experience of a Perfectly Successful Mother." (Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

UP-TO-DATE ADVICE. Save the paper napkins when you picnic in the grove. Soon your old waste paper can will be a measure more. Paper prices going up, forests coming down. Soon a tissue paper cap will be a costly crown. Save a daily paper too, call the paper man. Put a combination lock upon the garbage can. Save the paper dollar bills, now and then. You'll be glad you did it yet, sure as you're alive. Rent a safe deposit box, daily stuff therein. All the paper you can find, load green and blue. Rent a room some afternoon in a big hotel; Tear the paper off the walls, pack and take it to the banker man, store it in the vault. Then you're not rich some day, yours is not the fault. Paper soon will be too dear to waste on silly raving. So I'm saving postage stamps against that sorry time. —Charles B. Driscoll.

EVENING STORY

"Auf Wiedersehen." (By Earl Reed Silvers.)

They sat in the swinging couch of the Country club veranda. Mildred Terrill spoke first.

"We haven't been together at a dance for five weeks," she said.

"No," he answered, "but since you cut the last waltz at the Assembly ball."

"Are you still angry about that?"

"Yes," Cliff Hillman's lips were compressed tightly. "It was the worst thing that ever happened to me."

"I didn't do it purposely," She looked at him with big, appealing eyes.

"No, it was worse than that. You just forgot me."

"Will you let me explain?" "I don't see that there's anything you can say to better it."

"But there is."

"What?" He looked gloomily over the rolling golf links.

"I didn't know that the last dance had started. I was waiting with Arthur between dances, and we went just a little too far. We couldn't hear the music where we were."

"If you were with me, do you think you would have been so thoroughly mixed?"

"If you had it with Arthur?" He looked at her half angrily.

"Yes," Her voice was soft. "Do you know what the waltz was that you forgot?"

"It was 'Auf Wiedersehen.'"

"Yes, your dance." He turned to her directly. "Do you remember how, when we first heard that piece, you said that we should always dance it together?"

"Yes, I remember."

"I was crazy about that that night, and I don't see that there was the most wonderful dance I had ever heard. You seemed to care a lot then."

"I did. If he had seen the light in her eyes, he would have been thrilled at the message it conveyed. But he was looking into the distance.

"buzzy." "Do you know a week later, you cut it to go walking with Arthur Hale."

"I told you I was sorry," She spoke spiritedly. "I am sorry, but there isn't anything to walk and sweat them out."

"No," he answered, but he said it in a way that meant "yes."

"What's past is past," she continued. "Don't you want to be good friends again?"

"Of course, but it isn't much use now."

"Why?"

"Because of something I heard."

"What was it?"

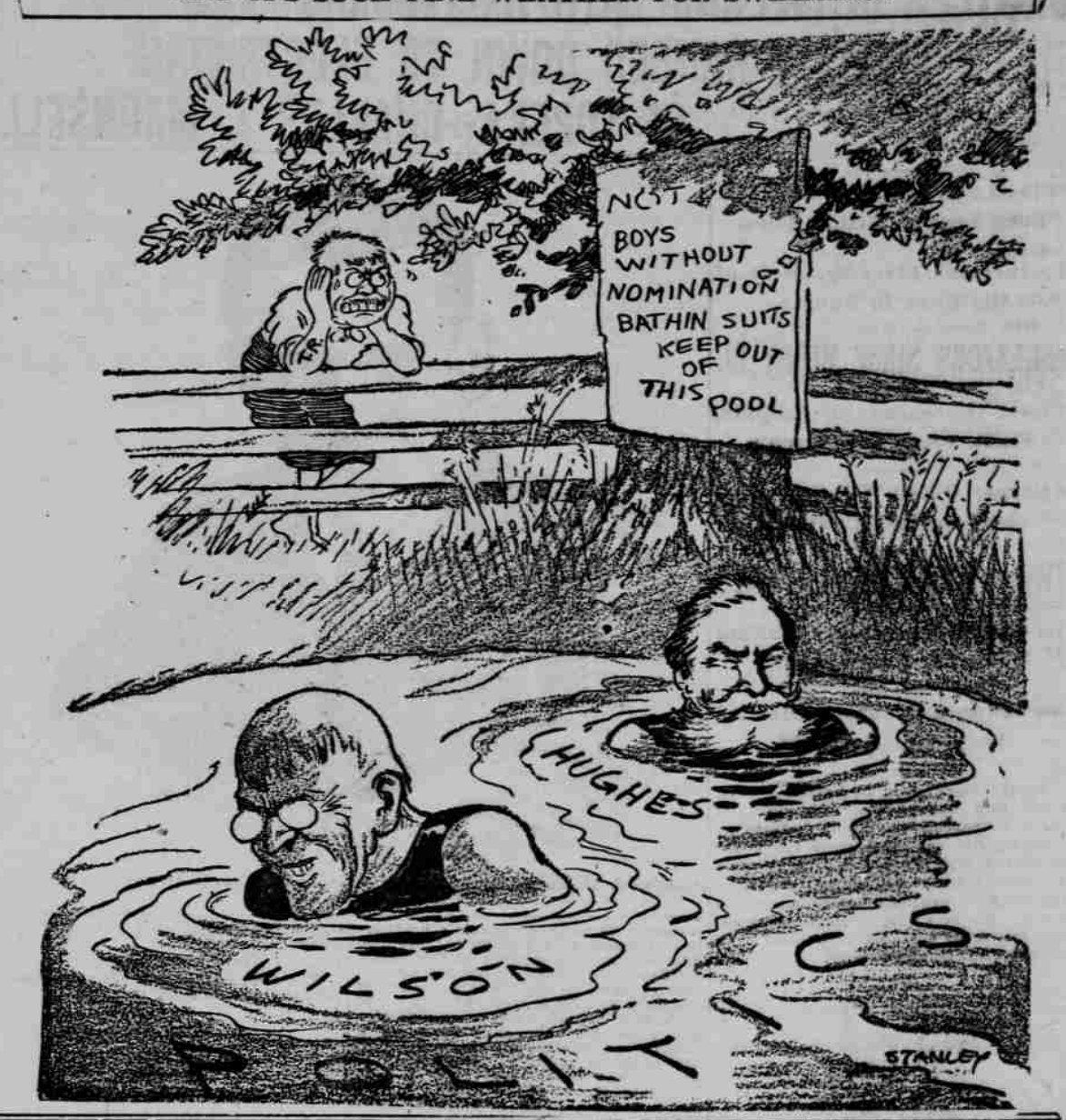
"I heard this morning," he spoke slowly, "that you are engaged to Arthur Hale."

"I promised I wouldn't say."

"Do you believe it?"

He was silent for a moment before answering.

AND IT'S SUCH FINE WEATHER FOR SWIMMING!



veranda. She glanced at her card. "This is with Arthur," she said. "I must tell him."

"And the next is 'Auf Wiedersehen.'"

"Yes," she answered, "the next is our dance." She laid her hand on his arm. "Good-bye, dear," she whispered.

"Till we meet again," he returned.—(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

DINNER STORIES

The superintendent of the Cincinnati zoo was making arrangements to feed the twenty-seven-foot python and needed men to hold the reptile during the repast. His advertisement was answered by a serious-looking negro.

"What we want," said the zoo superintendent, "is a strong, husky chap to help hold the big snake while we feed him. The negro's jaw dropped, his eyes stuck out like golf balls and he gasped. "Yo—yo! want a man to do what?"

"We want a man to help hold the big snake. What's the matter? Don't be frightened, there'll be ten of us. 'Ho! on! Dey may be nine o' yo', but dey won't be ten o' us."

"Jack proposed to me last night," said the girl in blue.

"Indeed, I did nothing of the sort!"

"Why, Grace, I thought you liked him."

"I do, but I shall never marry him."

"Well, you know, Jack lives at home, and his mother is the best cook for miles around. I'm sure he would never be able to eat anything prepared. The man I marry must be one who has lived in a boarding house long enough to know what a good cook and hash will taste good to him."

In the slums a certain rent collector had great difficulty in getting money from one Dennis Clancy. On being applied to for a couple of weeks' rent Dennis said that he would put in a new cellar door. This was done and the collector called for the money. Dennis was out, but his eldest son paid the money that was due.

"Glad you have it ready for once," said the collector.

"Well, there it is," said the boy.

"I do, but I shall never marry him."

"Well, you know, Jack lives at home, and his mother is the best cook for miles around. I'm sure he would never be able to eat anything prepared. The man I marry must be one who has lived in a boarding house long enough to know what a good cook and hash will taste good to him."

One little lone round raindrop sat on the tip of a grass blade, big rain cloud looked over the edge at the world below. He saw forests and rivers and cities and plains; and he saw a lot of children and a lot of old people, and he saw a lot of things that he didn't like. He saw a lot of things that he didn't like.

"I wish I could see more," said the one little lone round raindrop all to himself. "I wish I could go down there and see for myself all the wonderful things I can only get a glimpse of—that's what I wish!"

"Better not wish," whispered Mother Cloud kindly. "Better be glad for what you have! For, you see, if you go down to earth, a lot of things will happen to you. You'll have to get wet, and then the ground will be all wet and the children will have to go into the houses and they won't like that—not a little bit!"

So the one little lone round raindrop didn't wish any more—as if he did, he didn't say anything about it.

But he kept on looking, and looking, and looking at the wonderful sights below.

And the great big winds blew, and the great big cloud sailed across the sky, so hurry-scurry fast that there was always something new to see. Suddenly the cloud dropped lower, and what do you suppose that one little lone round raindrop saw? You'd never guess!

He saw a playground full of children, a whole playground full! And he was so excited he forgot all about being careful not to fall and all that. He called to all the other raindrops. Look! Look! Look! There are children—lots of children, and they're having a beautiful time!

Then of course all the other raindrops came a-scurrying and all about him over to where the one little lone round raindrop sat and they, too, saw the playground full of children, and they, too, exclaimed and oh-ed and

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The Table. Peanut Sandwiches—Grind the nuts in chopper, mix with sour cream salad dressing and spread on thin slices of buttered white bread.

Nut Sandwiches—Thin slices of wheat flour cut circular and buttered. The filling should be made of chopped, roasted and salted peanuts mixed with sufficient mayonnaise to spread easily.

Peanut Butter Sandwiches—Mix the amount of peanut butter required with an equal amount of water, stirring until they are thoroughly mixed. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice to taste and spread thin slices of bread with the mixture. Lay a lettuce leaf in each sandwich and cut into any desired shape.